

PASSING OUT AT ART SCHOOL PARTIES SINCE 1997

NOVEMBER 2013

TEXAS

TRAVESTY





'12 Years an Inuit' fails to win Oscar



Business student unable to use 'Art of War' in sex life



Area baby relapses after quitting breastfeeding



Treasury Department releases new Fiery \$50 Bill™ presented by Doritos



Man spends entire Eurotrip uploading photos



Part-time student swamped with free time



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The Texas Travesty is a student humor publication at the University of Texas at Austin, published monthly by the permanent and contributing staff. The Travesty is a work of (hopefully) humorous fiction. Except where public figures are involved, characters are not based on any real person. Any resemblance to any persons living or dead is coincidental. The views expressed in the Travesty do not reflect the views of Texas Student Media, The University of Texas at Austin, or pretty much anyone. All material printed is property on the Travesty. The Texas Travesty is not intended for readers under 18 years of age, regardless of the pretty pictures.

SHOUT OUTZ TO...
Rob Ford! Slush-pushes; Puppies; Womb babies; Lady parts; Being culturally Jewish; Light-up Buddha; Asbestosis; The Daily Texan; Bob Metcalfe; Restraining orders; Cheap beer; Flanging rangle leaves in front of shit-pups; Auroch scientists; Unplugging the refrigerator; OJ was innocent; 9/11 was an inside job; Little fliggers; Love; Open the fucking doc, Mac!; The old Travesty office at UA9; John Rohit Lennon; The word 'vagina' pronounced with a hard 'g'; big bad voodoo daddies; bobcats; bald caps; dangling rangle leaves; sporting a skort; Zilker train rides; Texas vs. OSU game; HARD alcohol; Vans Warped Tour; Kristen drinking alone



around campus

- Are we going to just forget about grandma's **Alzheimer's**? She already has.
- I'm only a racist **socially**.
- Will my RIS page tell me when I can finally have **sex**?
- How can I send naked pictures to my **rabbi** without any fucking Wi-Fi.
- Let's just say her head lice met my **pube crabs**.
- You're doing a very good job at being **okay**.
- If there was a racial slur against bears, it

- would be **Yogi's**.
- My baby momma's **daddy** is my momma's baby's **auntie**.
- Look, I'm a **feminist**, but women can be real bitches sometimes.
- Texas Blight! Texas Trite! Texas Smite! I **hate** this chant.
- That child is just too **lazy** for my taste.
- It's like a **gay bar** except there's no gay people, just a lot of propaganda.
- I'm not one to kiss and **yell**.
- 'Return of the Jedi' would've been a lot less cool if Darth Vader said "Luke, I'm your **daddy**."
- Well slap my **prostate** and call me obsequious!
- I was raised by **wolves**. Well, sort of - my parents are just very hairy.
- It's okay, but if it happens again I will call

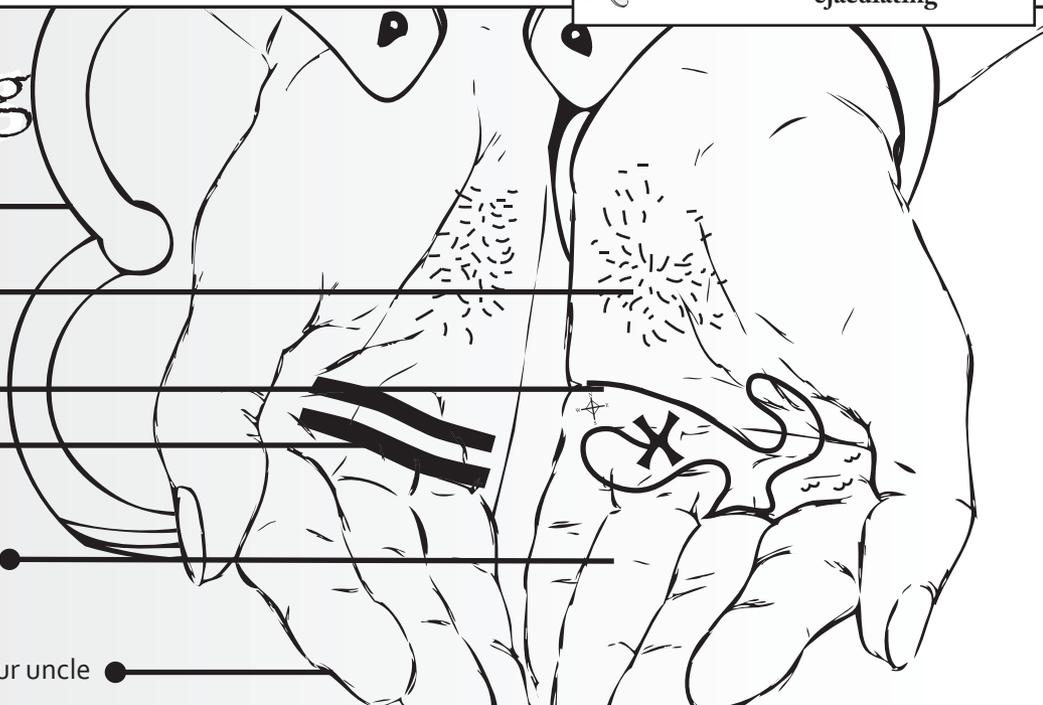
- the **warden**.
- Will you stop fingering my **ear**? Who am I kidding? I love it, keep going.
- Boy, I could go for **72 virgins** right now.
- It's almost as if jail is the only place I'm **wanted** anymore.
- You have **bags** under your eyes. Just know Austin doesn't allow those anymore.
- I go to Salt Lick to feel like a Texan, I go to Vert's to feel like a German, I go to Cici's to feel like **shit**.



- **Editorial:** Sometimes, my genius scares my stupid, stupid grandma
- **Local man startles himself after ejaculating**

the TRAVESTY's Guide to Palm Reading

- You're either going to have a really good time or might want to get out of here
- Your grandmother was right about getting hairy palms
- Find the treasure!!
- You are a supporter of gay marriage
- You are 90% likely to be inverse albino
- Your dad might also be your uncle



Delicious Instagram photo causes user to eat phone

HOUSTON — Eye witnesses reported that Instagram user Edward Gray ate his iPhone after seeing an irresistible picture of a cupcake on the photo sharing app. Gray immediately dived onto his phone and engulfed it effortlessly. "I've actually never seen anything so beautiful or delicious or sexy in my life," reported Gray. "It just looked so yummy in that sepia filter and I knew that it had to be inside of me." While Gray was immediately rushed to the hospital, he had a smirk on his face resembling someone who has just had the most delicious meal of his entire life. As of press time, Gray was on the toilet having a bowel movement that bore no resemblance at all to an Instagram cupcake.

Adderall dramatically increases Facebook productivity, study finds

HOUSTON — According to a recent study published by the FDA, the prescription drug Adderall has been proven to dramatically increase users' productivity on the social networking site, Facebook. "Oh it's great," claimed one test subject, Clair Banks, as she sent out five invitations to play Candy Crush, commented on forty-seven photos, and liked eight of her friends' statuses within three minutes of logging onto Facebook. "Before my prescription, my grades were awful and I was really losing touch with my friends over the Internet. But now, because of Adderall, my social media presence is skyrocketing. My grades still suck, though." Banks went on to add that she spends most of her time on Facebook at night because she can no longer sleep.

Atheist still knocking on wood

SAN FRANCISCO, CA — Despite identifying as a staunch atheist, it was observed Monday that Sarah Hill is still knocking on wood. Hill, who refuses to believe that there is a god when so much suffering still exists in the world, doesn't mind telling people about her irreverent views. "Because it's not like I can go to hell or anything," she reasoned as she rapped her knuckles on a nearby street post. "And anyone who doesn't agree with my reasoning is an irrational human being mindlessly adhering to outdated rituals that were probably passed down from their equally illogical parents." As of press time, Hill was seen jumping out of the way of a stray black cat but unfortunately ending up right underneath a ladder.

Some condescending bitch says "Excuse me"

WESTFIELD, NJ — In an attempt to walk around a person that was blocking the exit of a Starbucks, some condescending bitch reportedly said, "Excuse me." The bitch, who did not actually mean to be excused but rather wanted to indicate to the person standing in her way that he should move, rolled her eyes as she pushed past the bystander who had prevented her from uninterruptedly leaving the coffee shop. According to sources, later while driving home, the same bitch cut off a mini-van so she could exit the freeway and then proceeded to glare at the panicking family in the mini-van as if it was their fault. As of press time, the young father in the mini-van was having to explain to his kids why he yelled "god damn bitch" at the car that cut them off.



Jewish father brings home the turkey bacon

FT. LAUDERDALE — After a promotion to head accountant and a 15% pay raise, Jewish father and local mensch Ezra Goldscheider is bringing home the turkey bacon. In celebration, Goldscheider took his family out for a nice dinner – kosher, of course – at Goldkowsky's Delightful Delicatessen. "Kashrut everything around me," said the father as he smiled from ear to ear over a tasty meal of knishes with his wife Shoshana and 12-year-old son Akiva. "With this extra income, I will be able to give my son a proper bar mitzvah with the finest bagels a boychik could ever ask for!" As of press time, Ezra is enjoying his new breadwinning role and recently broke the record for mazel tovs received in a single day with 43,678.

3D printers at forefront of technology that will be used almost exclusively for sex toys

SILICON VALLEY — In the same way pornography excited the Internet's massive growth in the late 90s, 3D printing technology is now at the forefront of technology that will be used almost exclusively for exploitation by sex toys. "The sex industry has always been a helpful pump for technological innovation, and we're excited to offer printable sex toys that will save people the embarrassment of having to get them at sleazy sex shops," expressed Dr. Radmachadas Chondras, head developer at Sexual Volition Printers. "Our printers let users scan and print toy copies of their own genitalia so they can gift them to others or use them on themselves, which will create a completely new sexual experience for most users." Dr. Chondras' main concern with using 3D printers to print sex toys is that men may get the idea to stick their penises in the machines, thereby causing hard-to-fix printer jams.

Woman brings dumb baby to important event

LINCOLN, NE — After her babysitter cancelled last minute, housewife Alice Woodson was forced to bring her dumb baby to a long-anticipated wedding. Woodson and her husband, Tim, had planned on attending her cousin's wedding without having to deal with their stupid, eight-month-old daughter, Bella. "We've been talking about nothing else besides this wedding for over a month, and honestly have been even more excited about ditching that 8-month-old crying shit machine," Woodson confessed. "I bet while everyone else is out on the dance floor, I'll be stuck with my worthless baby that doesn't laugh at any of my jokes because it is so dumb." As of press time, the young mother was seen drinking from a bottle of wine and telling her crying daughter to "shut the hell up."

erin, yoga bombshell
shortcut, \$21
birds on burnet

s. congress
e. 6th
s. lamar
burnet
#1st/red river
birdsbarbershop.com

COSMOS *tips*

YOU FOLLOW THESE GUIDELINES CREATED BY OUR BEAUTY/EMBALMING TEAM. GET READY FOR FUN TIMES, NEW FRIENDS, AND SOME CRAZY STORIES AFTER

6 tips to spice up your stargazing

Whether you started out looking for new bedroom tips or the Crab Nebula, here's a guide for ways to make your next stargazing session unforgettable.

1. Drive your partner crazy by bringing a white dwarf into the mix.
2. Let the black hole dilate your gravitation unit.
3. Whatever you do, don't let your star shoot too early.
4. Locate Virgo's Gemini spot, and you'll both be seeing stars.
5. Make Uranus OURanus.
6. Make sure to wear protection in case of solar flares.

seeing stars: Ask to polish the shaft of his telescope

5 WAYS BABIES AREN'T MADE

Thanks to your abstinence-only upbringing, we know that your sexual education has some serious gaps. Never fear – we have created a list of activities that you can do with your special snookums so you definitely won't get pregnant.

- * AFTER A DATE AT CHILI'S
- * VAGINAL SEX
- * NOW THAT YOU LEFT ME, CAROL
- * IMMACULATELY
- * YOU WITH THAT HAIRCUT
- * STORK SEX



READER POLL: *does this dress make me look fat?*

YES
100%

NO
0%

HOW TO NOT EMBARRASS YOURSELF AT YOUR NEXT ORGY

Tired of everyone stopping mid-orgy to laugh at your inexperience, looks, or personality? While we can't help you with the latter two, here are some orgy tips to make it look like you've been having threesomes since you were a much younger person, but not too young, who wasn't defined by what others thought of them during sexual intercourse.

- > PINKY OUT
- > DO NOT WEAR GREEN
- > NO SMOOCHING
- > ONLY ONE YOUTH
- > IF IT HURTS YOU SHOULD JUST SAY SO, AMANDA
- > CHOCOLATE IS ALLOWED, BUT ONLY IF YOU CALL HIM BY HIS NAME



pro tip: always lube upon request

Area woman's miscarriage tragedy in disguise

DALLAS — Area woman Cassandra Berger's recent miscarriage is something that can only be described as a horrible tragedy in disguise. Berger claims that she was unable to see what was wrong with the miscarriage at first, only to realize that hidden under the veils of this traumatic experience was a huge calamity. "I went to the doctor and he told me that the fetus was already dead," reported Berger. "I didn't really think it was a big deal but after I thought about it for a while I realized that it was a pretty big tragedy." Berger's friends are also on the same page as her, realizing that there is actually a great deal of sadness behind what has happened. "We just thought it was a casual miscarriage — nothing special — but I guess this is pretty horrible," claimed Berger's best friend Lacy who accompanied her to the obstetrician's office. As of press time, Berger was busy realizing her miscarriage was actually the worst thing ever and not at all as subtle as she had imagined.

Black Friday not what Black Jesus had in mind

KINGDOM OF HEAVEN — After observing the yearly bedlam that occurs the day after Thanksgiving, Earth's lord and savior Black Jesus Christ has realized that Black Friday is not what he originally had in mind. "White Jesus already has Good Friday so I created Black Friday to make an edgier religious holiday for my devoted Christian followers. And it was pretty good," claimed the holy Black Messiah as he broke bread while making his blessed turkey sandwich. "But now American consumerism has plagued my children, and rather than devoting this day to the Black Prince of Peace, they spend their time and money buying discounted 3D televisions and the Wii U. My children, do not believe that these tempting savings are holier than thy scripture." As of press time, the Black King of Kings was seen attempting to turn water into Cristal.

Fat cells still there

LOS ANGELES — While nearing the end of a demanding two-month weight loss program, Kyle Desclown patted his belly and dejectedly remarked that the fat cells were certainly still there. "I hope to be rid of them someday," said the disappointed, overweight man, "but for now, they are definitely all over my body." Desclown claims to have enrolled in several weight loss programs over the past few years, only to realize that his adipose tissue has, in fact, still stuck around. As of press time, Desclown was looking into his bathroom mirror staring at his protruding belly wondering where all the years have gone.



Whataburger restaurants to introduce new menu item for pussies who don't drink

Joel Perlgut
FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

AUSTIN — After much internal debate, Texas icon and southern fast food giant Whataburger announced that it will be adding a new menu item for pussies who couldn't handle their liquor if they tried. The Dobson Family, who, as the sole owners of the franchise, have lovingly stuffed drunken Southerners full of delicious burgers and tender chicken since 1950, have adamantly fought against the proposed menu change.

"My father Harmon Dobson opened the first ever Whataburger restaurant in Corpus Christi, Texas with nothing but a pound of lard in his hand and a dream in his eye," said chairman of the board and American patriot Tom Dobson. "His dream was to craft a casual dining experience that could be enjoyed by every man, woman and child," said Dobson, pausing to take a slug from his Lone Star embossed flask, "no matter how much they had to drink."

CEO Preston Atkins, who Dobson describes as a 'real sissy' who is 'probably a democrat,' thinks times have changed. "Catering to an intoxicated

customer base may have worked in the past, but new research suggests sober people are the fastest growing consumer demographic," said Atkins, who must be some kind of Mormon or something.

The 'new research' Atkins mentions, commissioned by FFAT (Fast Food Association of Texas), found that as many as 60% of potential consumers are, or have been, sober in their lifetimes. The survey also found that a majority of sober respondents felt "unsafe consuming high calorie, poorly cooked food" and would "actively embrace an alternative" — words clearly written by someone who's never experienced the joy of a fried chicken finger covered in Honey BBQ slide down their throat at 3 am. The study, titled Dry State, Moist Towellette: Bridging the Gap between Casual Dining and Sobriety, was conducted in conjunction with researchers from the University of Texas sociology department, a well known bunch of buzzkills who've never had a drink in their life.

A recent meeting of the Whataburger board of directors ended in chaos when Tom Dobson put his CEO in a two hour-long headlock for floating the idea of an organic smoothie bar.

"I'm not talking about reinventing the wheel," insisted Atkins, who should probably just lighten up and have a couple beers. "I'm talking about putting one thing on the menu with no ranch, minimal grease and less than a pound of Monterey jack. [Tom] Dobson is darn stubborn about the whole ordeal," he quickly added, "don't print that last part, Tom's kind of a drunk asshole, there's no telling what he'd do."

Despite his threats, Dobsen did not veto the board's plans to introduce Whataburger's debut 'sober option.' "Back in my father's day, our company motto was 'Just Like You Like It'" he said distraught, his tears falling into a tall glass of Jack Daniels on ice. "Seems like the kids nowadays like it a whole lot different."

At this point Dobson became irate, slammed his fist against the table, and in heavily slurred speech announced, "Goddammit give 'em their kale milkshake and their kombucha salad." As of press time, Dobson has been seen passed out in a regular Whataburger Jr. meal, his face covered in fries and cream gravy, occasionally muttering the words 'Obamacare' and 'daddy.'

I am 1/36th Cherokee and I demand \$100K

Robert "Dances With" Wolfe

WHITE MAN

With blood and ash, I've earned my Great Bear-given right to a free college education. My grandmother, Diane Christine Wolfe, told me long ago of my ancestors' struggles. How my great-great-grandfather Elijah emigrated from Ireland and betrothed a Cherokee huntress named Sunkist who gave birth to my great-grandfather before being beheaded and scalped by my great-great-grandfather. I demand \$100,000. I've earned it.

Sunkist's blood flows beneath my pasty, albino exterior, and it is an affront to both me and my ancestors' gods that my other ancestors burned in effigy that the University of Texas will not give me the right to a scholarship worth 100 G's. The Great Spirits have spoken in my dreams, and have laid out my Moon-path before me, prophesizing that I learn the ancient arts of Russian/Eastern European Studies.

Eagle has brought me sense. My Cherokee ancestor's ancestors came across the Bering land bridge thousands of years ago, so it is only just that I learn of their culture, just as I have mastered my Cherokee culture. You may say that my cheekbones are lower than my 2.6 GPA, or that my skin shines like flowing milk, but you see only my mortal form. Inside, my true thetan self will burst forth as a great warrior, ready to conquer "A History of the Baltic Wars" next semester.

I am terribly wounded that the University refuses to meet my demands, just like so many of the pale-faced have wronged my people for centuries. Need I remind

you of the Trail of Tears, when the proud Cherokee had their beloved hiking trails cruelly decimated by the white man?

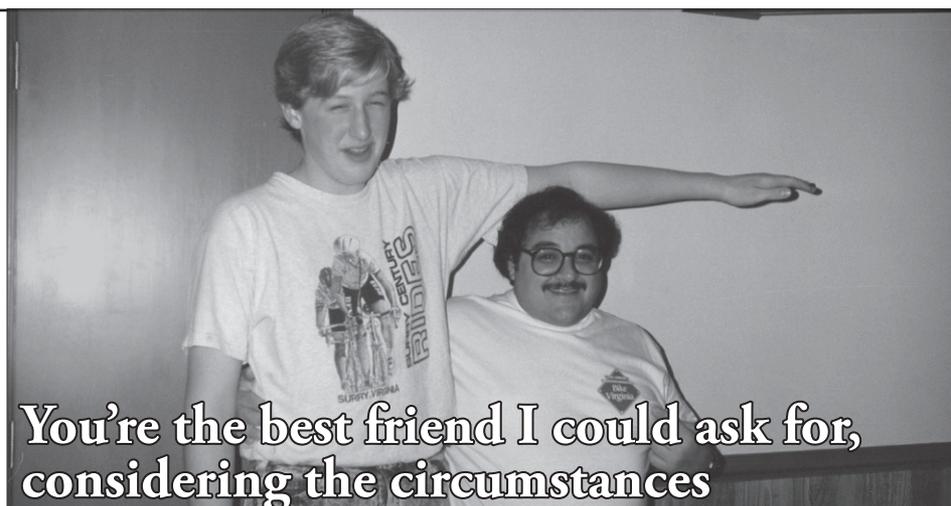
And yes, I'll go ahead and bring it up. Still the NFL continues to allow the Redskins the use of such a derogatory term. Might as well have the San Antonio Brown-skins. That's not racist because I have a Hispanic great uncle, so don't worry ese, we cool. But I'll overlook this great affront to my people, if only the University will see beyond their blind prejudices.

I am not asking for a lot. After all, it was the Cherokee who first taught you the way of the Longhorn. All know of the legendary Longhorn riders who came down from the Plains, astride their great steers, with lightning in their hooves and thunder in their horns. It was my ancestors who first saw the University Tower in great visions, inscribing it on cave walls for you to find.

While I'm at it, UT, if I want to light up the ceremonial peace pipe in the PCL, I have every right to do so. If I want to set sacred flame to the seven-leafed weed, then I will. To my people, it signals the transition from boy to man. My spirit companion, Spyder, says it will clear my mind and enhance my feelings to receive messages from the Beyond.

So, pony up, University of Texas. My blood boils at this injustice, and I shall not rest until the sins and transgressions against my proud race are at last paid for, in the form of a large novelty check for one hundred grand addressed to my warrior title, "Kemosabe Rob." I may only be 1/36th Cherokee, but I am 36/36 proud of my heritage.

"Sunkist's blood flows beneath my pasty, albino exterior..."



Danny Tutone
BEGRUDGING FRIEND

I have known you since we were 11, Mitch. You've always been there for me. Our friendship has stood the test of time. Hell, you were even the best man at my first and third wedding. I have become the man I am today because you were always there beside me. You're honestly the best friend I could ask for, considering my circumstances.

I remember when I met you. My parents had just gotten a divorce, and I moved out to Tampa to live with my dad. And there you were, right across the street. I remember during the summer, I used to run over to your house to play with action figures all day. I can't even imagine what it would be like if I had stayed

in Omaha with all of my old friends who I had become close with after they helped me through my parents bitter divorce and the depression and doubt that comes along with it. But you were fun too.

Remember that time in college when we got so drunk downtown and you started making out with that crazy girl. How funny was that, right? I would have never been able to do that if I had gotten into Princeton like I had dreamed of my entire life. I probably would have been having intelligent discourse with the top academics in their field and the future leaders of our country instead. Who but me would want that?

We've had our ups and downs, sure. But we were always there for one another,

you and me. Like, when we bonded after Jenny left me. There was nowhere I would have rather been than right there by your side. Except of course, if I could have been by Jenny's side. She had been the love of my life and best friend for so many years, but at that point, you were my best friend, which was fine.

I don't think that our friendship will ever go away. It doesn't look like I'm going to get that promotion, so my chances of moving and getting a fresh start is pretty slim. That being said, I'm glad I have to have you as a friend. You may not be flashy, but you're comfortable, like the girl next door that gets cheated on with the flashier, prettier girl. And I can't have it any other way.

**Interested in designing for the Travesty?
Email texasravesty@gmail.com or visit
www.texasravesty.com.**

***Knowledge of   preferred**

A Word Search for the Whole Family:

E Y T E U Z Q S G B
 T J C G J F W U C O
 C B S G E H S E A Z
 X I I U F Y E E G O
 A W S N F N I C G D
 F Z E C D O A R H U
 F P M L E M L O P V
 A R A E P I C V R R
 I D G B R L O I K G
 R A D R E A H D U N
 F W N Y S X O Q S I
 M N I A S T L M I D
 U Q M N I Y I J Z D
 Q I G C O A S W O E
 I W A R N L M Q Y W

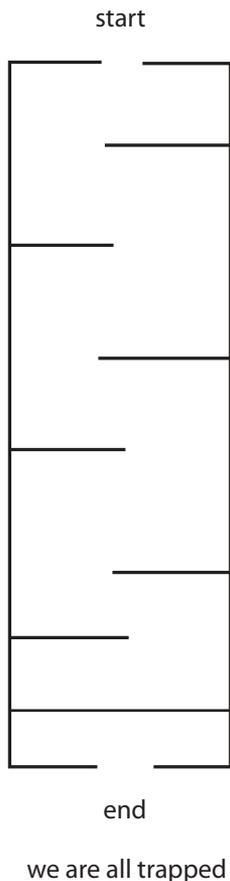
WEDDING
 MINDGAMES
 AFFAIR
 DIVORCE
 UNCLE BRYAN
 DEPRESSION
 ALCOHOLISM
 ALIMONY

Travesty Libs:

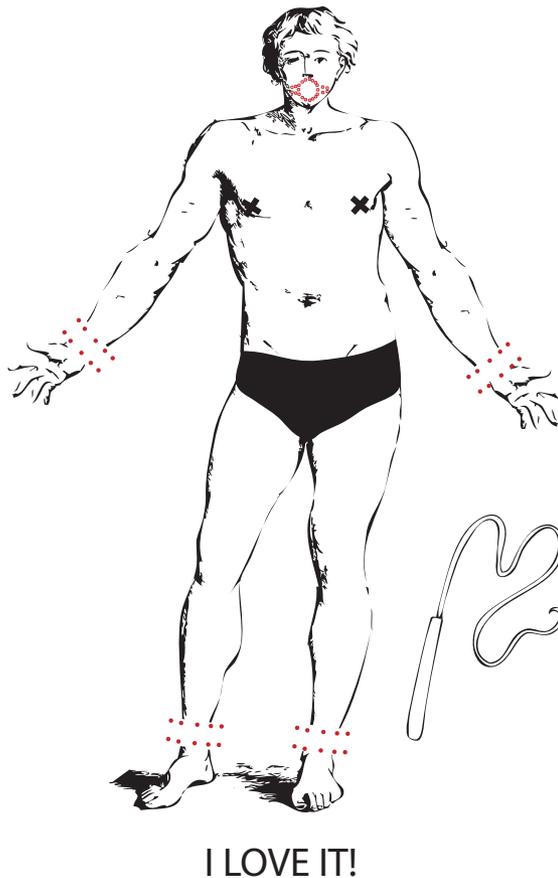
Little Bobby Finds a Buddy

One day, Little Bobby was walking down Friendship _____,
 (type of street)
 when suddenly he came across an _____
 (adjective) (species within genus *Agustinia*).
 Little Bobby was so _____ that he decided to call him
 (adjective).
 "Holy _____!" exclaimed _____
 (name of your least favorite step-dad) (type of bovine) (sexy adjective)
 Bobby. "Let's go _____ some _____ food."
 (active verb) (your least favorite ethnicity)
 The _____ nodded its head. _____
 (species within genus *Agustinia*) (Transgender pronoun)
 _____ the _____
 (pluperfect subjunctive verb) (Aramaic-derived concrete noun) (gerund)
 _____! Emerging from the scorched
 (a dirty limerick)
 earth, the all-powerful phoenix screeched, "Gimme back
 my _____."
 (the word "dildo")

Life's Maze:



Connect the Dots:



Color-by-Numbers:



1. Jesse Owens Black
2. Pure Aryan White
3. Little Baby Blue
4. Rose Pink

Congrats! You just colored the fourth worst person in history